Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorne the earth.
Rom. This dayes blacke fate on more daies doth depend,
This but begins the woe others muſt end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again.
Rom. He gone in triumph, and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heaven reſpective lenity,
And fire and fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe
That late thou gav'ſt me, for *Mercutio's* ſoule
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him company:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt goe with him.
Tib. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falls.*

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone,
The Citizens are up, and *Tibalt* ſlaine:
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kil'd *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tibalt*.
Cit. Up ſir, goe with me,
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
The unluckie mannage of this fatall brall.

There

There lyes the man ſlaine by young *Rom*
That ſlew thy kinſman brave *Mercutio*.
Cap. Wi. *Tibalt* my couſin, O my brot
O Prince, O couſin, husband, O the bloo
Of my deare kinſman: Prince, as thou a
For blood of ours ſhed blood of *Mounta*
O couſin, couſin.
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody
Ben. *Tibalt* here ſlain, whom *Romeo's*
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bad him beth
How nice the quarrell was, and urg'd wi
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calme look, knees h
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpl
Of *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilt
With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutio'*
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to p
And with a martiall ſcorne with one hand
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſen
It backe to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part; and ſwifter th
His agill arme beats downe their fatall po
And 'twixt them ruſhes: underneath wh
An envious thruſt from *Tibalt* hit the lif
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge
And too't they goe like lightning: for er
Could draw to part them was ſtout *Tiba*
And as he fell did *Romeo* turne and flie;
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* dye.
Cap. Wi. He is a kinſman to the *Moun*
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes n
Some twenty of them fought in this blac
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one li
I begge for juſtice, which thou Prince m